

settle down into a walk, and prove, in nine cases out of ten, to be those who have more time than they know what to do with. None the less this hurry of theirs has infected their friends, and they too have been swept away in the wild rush. Notice also the congregations of our churches, how they make for the outlets; whose pace abates when they reach the threshold, much to the discomfiture of those behind them. If we attend our opera house we see the same thing, the audience unmindful of their patriotism, rushing out before the first bars of the national anthem have been sounded. If we walk through our streets on Saturday night when they are covered by our people, we feel the effect of the element of greed that drives the wheels of trade and makes men and women haste to and fro as if each trivial errand were of the most vital importance. Go through the same streets on the Sabbath, and you will be brought in contact with the peace that settles upon our empty thoroughfares as soon as the human element is withdrawn. No "silent city of the dead" is more tranquil.

If, then, it is our fault that the atmosphere of our city life is full of hurry, it is our duty to make it less so. We should surround ourselves with a cloak of calmness, then we shall quiet those about us, and from them the feeling of peace will be imparted to others. And knowing, in the light of an eternity, a century is as insignificant as a second, we learn that time is to be measured, not by the revolutions of the sun and moon, but by the growth of our lives. As Carlyle has said in words that cannot be too often quoted: "The curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but yesterday and to-morrow both are. With God, as it is a universal Here, so it is an everlasting Now."

Autumn Flowers.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

THE sun is growing languid now-a-days, and early sinks to rest. And is it any wonder, when we think of all he has done since months ago he set to work to melt the snow and ice?